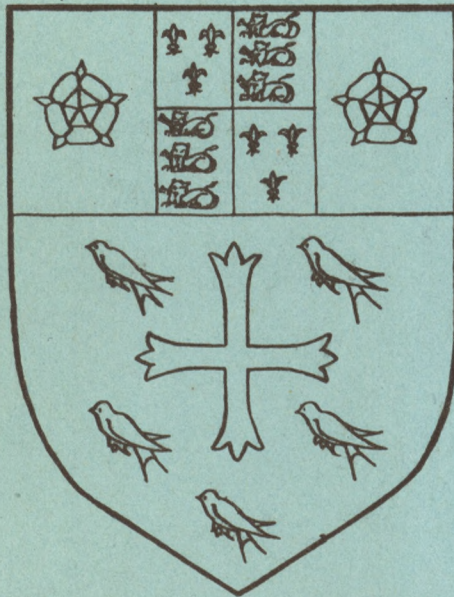


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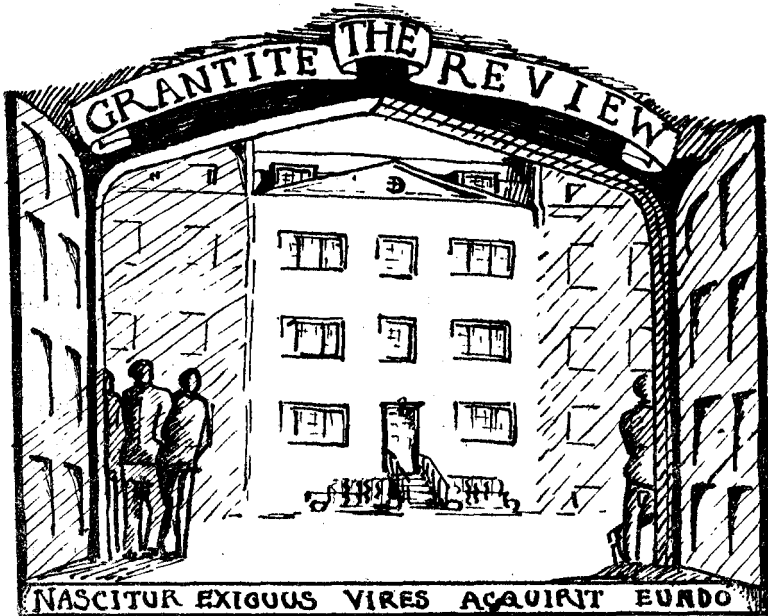
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



ELECTION—PLAY TERMS
1952

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EDITORIAL

At the beginning of the Play Term, both the school Gym and Grove Park again returned to use. The Gym was closed for repairs in 1949, and has since been rebuilt on a better design. The old walls have been kept, but the roof has been altered to allow the maximum of light and the minimum of rain, the floor has been re-done, and an ante-room and a fire escape from the back of the stage up School have been added. Physical Training and Fencing can now be held indoors instead of in Yard, and Fencing matches will no longer have to take place in the Art School.

Grove Park is being used again because it has become increasingly obvious that Fields have been over-used in the Winter, and the groundsman has found it more and more difficult to prepare the pitches in time for the beginning of the cricket season. Too much football was being played and all the grass killed, so League games were transferred up Groves.

There are two classes of football at Westminster, one consisting of all those who are possibles for school teams, the other of those who are unlikely to play for the school and have to play in what is known as League Football. In the League, each house plays all the others until half-way through the Lent term, when Athletics starts. These games are played on a points basis and the winning house wins the cup.

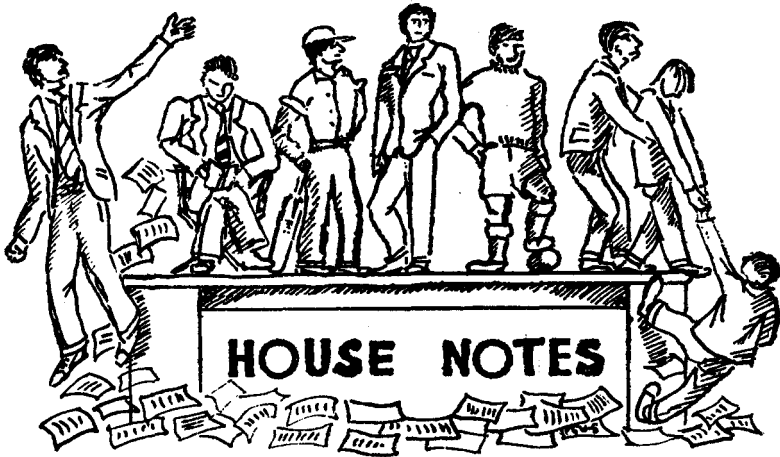
Unfortunately, Grant's has just lost some of its best players, and, with the general increase in the standard of Westminster football, will find it hard to do well in the League or Seniors. Most of the members of the League team are over sixteen, but it is to be hoped that some of those under sixteen will form a nucleus which will eventually build up as strong a team as we have had before.

* * *

We should like to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton on the birth of a son during the holidays.

* * *

It is hoped that we shall see as many Grantites as possible up House after the Annual General Meeting of the O.G. Club on Thursday, October 30th.



PLAY TERM

There left us last term : C. J. H. Davies, A. C. Hornsby, G. G. F. Wordsworth, J. W. L. Croft, K. H. Hodgson, T. J. Davies, R. W. Hawkins, J. Brostoff, and F. P. Dove, M. J. Hall to college. We wish them the best of luck.

We welcome this term: A. G. Cheyne, R. D. Creed, M. C. M. B. Frances, R. M. Jones, G. B. Patterson, C. W. Redgrave, S. B. Westoby, A. P. Woolfitt (boarders) and J. S. R. Benson, J. A. Macfarlane (half-boarders).

In Inner there are : T. H. Stewart, D. J. van Rest, C. R. Hayes, M. W. M. Davidson (boarders) and D. M. Lloyd-Jones (half-boarder).

In Chiswicks there are : I. J. Fulton, A. W. Abbott, J. D. S. MacDougall, R. F. Wilding, H. H. M. Rogers, M. G. Drake, P. R. J. Vickers, C. T. Sims-Williams and R. P. J. Ball.

In Buckenhill there are : J. H. M. Anderson, R. P. C. Hillyard, E. J. N. Kirkby, C. J. Croft, P. G. Wentworth-Shields (boarders) and I. R. Cameron (half-boarder).

J. H. M. Anderson is head of Buckenhill and Hall, and the Hall Monitors are : M. S. Makower, J. G. F. Fraser, N. A. Phelps-Brown, P. K. T. Smith (boarders) and W. E. A. Phillips (half-boarder).

R. P. C. Hillyard is captain of Cricket.

C. R. Hayes is captain of Athletics.

T. H. Stewart is captain of Fencing.

D. M. Lloyd-Jones is Concert secretary.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Oct. 11th : 1st Fencing team *v.* Eton (Home).

„ 16th : Field Day.

„ 18th : 1st Fencing team *v.* Cambridge University (Away).

„ 25th : 1st XI *v.* Aldenham (up Fields).

„ 25th : 1st Fencing team *v.* Lancing (Home).

Nov. 6th : 1st XI *v.* Repton (Away).

- Nov. 7th : Exeat begins.
 „ 10th : Exeat ends.
 „ 11th : 1st XI *v.* Victoria College, Jersey (up Fields).
 „ 15th : 1st XI *v.* Lancing (Away).
 „ 17th : Commemoration of Benefactors.
 „ 22nd : 1st XI *v.* Highgate (Away).
 „ 22nd : 1st Fencing team *v.* St. Paul's (Home).
 „ 29th : 1st XI *v.* Charterhouse (up Fields).
 Dec. 12th : } Busby's Play : "The Fourth Wall," by A. A.
 „ 13th : } Milne.
 „ 18th : Concert.
 „ 20th : Play Terms ends.

ELECTION TERM

We lost Cricket Seniors.

We won the Empire Test Cup.

Congratulations to : E. J. N. Kirkby on his Thirds and Pink-and-Whites for Cricket.

and to : G. S. Clarke on his Colts, Thirds, and Pink-and-Whites for Tennis.

and to : M. S. Makower on his Thirds for Fencing.

and to : H. H. M. Rogers on his Thirds for Water.

and to : M. G. Drake and D. B. Wilkins on their Seniors and to J. W. Parker, J. A. K. Garrett on their Juniors for Cricket.

and to : H. H. M. Rogers on his Seniors and J. H. M. Anderson, W. E. A. Phillips, A. C. H. Lathe, G. I. Chick, D. N. S. McArthur on their Juniors for Water.

and to : C. J. Croft on his Seniors, and to C. H. Prince and G. S. Clarke on their Juniors for Tennis.



HOUSE DIARY

The exams and sports of the Summer fill the beginning of the Election Term with many apprehensions. The time has come when the fate of everyone hangs on the gleanings of learning picked up during the school year ; whether cricketers, tennis-players, water-

men, intellectuals or corps enthusiasts, they must all do well in the exams., besides distinguishing themselves at Vincent Square, down at Putney, in school, and this year at Fingering Hoe.

But all this was not to be; for suddenly, within twenty-four hours, there were cases of chicken pox, German measles and mumps in the house. The mumps went on for the rest of the term, one person going down as soon as the last had recovered, only compensated for by the peace of the new sanatorium, where three boys took their exams.—just to add to the complications. All the stations suffered badly, with the poignant result that no Eight went to Henley. The house also did not do very well in cricket, but the tennis players more than compensated for this. Perhaps the House Photograph and the Art Exhibition were affected?

After many rumours had passed around, they were, for once, confirmed, and no Grantites went to Corps Camp, the whole house being in quarantine for mumps. This did not prevent the Scouts from camping in the North Riding. The only two things which did not suffer were "Yard Cricket" and Chis. Binge. This annual party lived up to its reputation and was as gay as ever, though the sight of a dozen Chiswickites berserking round Green must have alarmed the neighbours. Two photographs of the Binge, were taken, but the *Taller* refused to publish either.

The House Matron, who is leaving for Sydney, was given a leather writing case at the end of term "Walking the Mantelpiece" ceremony. Instead of crossing the mantelpiece, she crossed a table placed in front of it.

Last term was in no way conspicuous either for triumphs or disasters, but this term started off in much more promising vein. On the very first Sunday a strange man was discovered under the billiard table in Hall, sucking an orange, but the nonchalance with which the Hallites continued their game disconcerted him, and he left abashed. Was this a prospective burglar or a sentimental Old Grantite? Will other Old Grantite visitors please let the House-master know before they suck oranges under the billiard table in Hall?

MATRON

The conventional thing to say when a house changes its Matron is "Goodbye" to one and "Welcome" to the other, which is, of course, the only thing to say. The whole House very much appreciated the way in which Miss Winter served Grant's during the last two years, and she will be the first to acknowledge the difficulties that have arisen, ranging from House plays to an epidemic of mumps

Matron took more than a passing interest in Grant's. She acted in one sketch at the last Play Supper—K. J. M. Kemp impersonated her while she played one of the boys—and her advice on the decor in the Grant's production of "Badger's Green" was invaluable; Surgery was invariably full, but whether the complaints were real imaginary, or Matron was usually sympathetic and always happy to

chat with her daily visitors. We were all sorry to see her go and wish her the best of luck in Australia, and now it only remains for us to say "Welcome" to the new Matron and to wish her luck in her new House.

THE CONCERT

The termly concert is gradually becoming a more popular feature, not, unfortunately, because the standard of musical appreciation is getting higher, but because it brings with it many compensating advantages. Boys have begun to realise that they only have to attend the first half of it to be excused prep, and also that the afternoon given for the rehearsal becomes a late play. Lastly, there is the review of the concert in school and house magazines, which, although never read, is so useful for filling up any odd spaces which may occur.

These are probably the reasons why there is often a large attendance but little enthusiasm during the performance.

Last term, however, the concert proved to be popular from the musical point of view as well. The summer concert, in which there are more individual performances by members of the school, has, for some time been the most appreciated. This particular one was much enjoyed, as was shown by the unusual amount of enthusiastic applause, and even the most unmusical members of the audience agreed that it had been surprisingly good. This was probably due to the fact that the programme was more appealing than usual.

The first half was devoted to the winning events of the music competitions, in which a particularly personal interest is taken. The second half began with Sibelius' early and tuneful overture, *Karelia*, and it must also have been the gaiety of the first movement of Mozart's *Violin Concerto in A*, played by Norrington, that made this rather insipid work acceptable. No doubt it was the typical English sentimentality of Vaughan-William's serenade to music as well as the very successful performance, which endeared this piece to the audience, for it is a difficult work to appreciate at first hearing. The choir and orchestra managed the various obstacles admirably, and the sopranos in particular deserve praise for reaching the high notes.

The only item, in fact, which did not meet with full approval, was the *Cortège* from Rimsky-Korsakov's ballet opera, *Mlada*, and it is a most regrettable fact that the audience failed to recognise it as one of the most novel and attractive features that we have heard for some time. The typically Russian character of the music provided a wonderful contrast to the Vaughan-Williams, and it can only have been lack of musical knowledge that prevented it being appreciated as much as it deserved.

On the whole, the audience had a satisfactory and enjoyable concert last term, and it is to be hoped that this term they will survive Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, which will be heard on December 18th.

CRICKET

For the first time in five years Grant's lost Seniors. Really this was a surprise considering the 1st XI talent in the side. Several facts, however, must be taken into consideration in reviewing the situation. In the first place the improved all-round standard throughout the school, secondly the fact that there were only 14 cricketers in the house, and thirdly that much of the responsibility of run-getting in the 1st XI lay on our members of it. These are not excuses for our defeat but current facts.

The strength of a chain is in its weakest link ; our team was made up of two or three fairly experienced players and a great deal of untried material, which, although it tried hard, was not quite up to the grade.

On the whole, we won when our batsmen came off and lost when they failed, but many more runs than our batsmen could hope to make were time and time again thrown away in the field, which is the most disheartening way of playing cricket than can be imagined.

Among the younger players, Wilkins as a batsman and Parker as a spin bowler showed promise, and the house will be able to rely on their services for quite a while, and Kirkby, who played in several games for the 1st XI, made many useful scores as well as bowling steadily. It is regrettably difficult to see how Hillyard, the next year's Captain, will be able to form a team which will regain Grantite supremacy with the material he has in hand, unless there is enormous improvement shown.

Those who played were :—C. J. H. Davies (captain), A. C. Hornsby, R. P. C. Hillyard, E. J. N. Kirkby, D. M. Lloyd-Jones, M. G. Drake, A. W. Abbott, P. M. Godfrey, I. R. Cameron, J. W. Parker, D. E. Wilkins and J. A. K. Garrett.

The scores were :

Grant's v. Ashburnham :

Grant's 121 for 3 wks. (Kirkby 35).

Ashburnham 116 all out (Hillyard 3 for 15).

Grant's v. Busby's :

Grant's 183 all out (Hornsby 77, Hillyard 40).

Busby's 203 for 2 wks.

Grant's v. Wrens :

Grant's 127 all out.

Wrens 155 all out.

Grant's v. Rigauds :

Grant's 184 for 4 wks. (Kirkby 51, Hillyard 75).

Rigauds 304 for 4 wks.

Grants v. Queen's Scholars :

Grant's 184 all out (Hornsby 74).

Queen's Scholars 62 all out (Hillyard 4 for 19).

WATER

Grant's had a singularly unsuccessful regatta this year, perhaps partly due to the fact that there was no Senior Four. Croft, J. W. L., and van Rest both contracted mumps late in the term and were

unable to row, and so Hodgson and Rogers were the only remaining seniors.

Although the Junior-Senior Four was not very stylish, its members were all hard workers and it might have done better than it did, had it not had bad luck in the second round. They defeated the Queen's Scholars' crew by five lengths in the first round and met Busby's "A" in the second round. However, Rogers had trouble with his button and lost his oar completely three times. Although Busby's very generously eased while the oar was retrieved each time, they won by five lengths.

Junior Four "A" never really settled down and, although they tried hard, were not quite good enough, losing to Busby's "B" by one length. Junior Four "B" were all new watermen with no experience of racing. They tried hard but were defeated by Ashburnham "B."

There was only one double-sculling pair—Rogers, bow ; Hodgson, stroke. In the first round they met Hayek and Smith K. (A.HH.), who beat them by half a length.

In the Senior Sculls Hodgson was beaten by Redfern (BB) by $1\frac{1}{4}$ lengths, and Rogers lost to Smith, C. P. (BB.) by 5 lengths.

None of the seven Grantites entered for the Junior-Senior Sculls won their heat.

In the Junior Sculls, Chick beat Metz easily, however it was only a preliminary round for which there were no points. Douglas-Mann beat Fisher (WW.) and Harrison, D. B. K. (BB.) by $2\frac{1}{2}$ lengths, thus obtaining the only point for Grant's.

Junior-Senior Four : McArthur, bow ; Phillips, W. E. A., 2 ; Rogers, 3 ; Anderson, stroke ; Lathe, cox.

Junior Four "A." : Brown, bow ; Chick, 2 ; Hunter, 3 ; Douglas-Mann, stroke ; Dewar, cox.

Junior Four "B" : Lowenstein, bow ; Dove, 2 ; Overstall, 3 ; Warholm, stroke ; Cammell, cox.

The Halahan Cup order was as follows :

1. Busby's.
2. Ashburnham.
3. Rigaud's.
4. Wren's.
5. { Queen's Scholars.
Grant's.

GOLF

It was unfortunate that the school's two leading golfers, T. J. Davies and C. J. H. Davies were unable to come to the golf meeting at Sudbrook Park at the end of last holidays. They were more especially missed as it was to have been their last appearance as members of the school. It is to be hoped that they will return and play for the Old Westminsters in the future. However, A. C. Hornsby, who is also leaving, did come, and after several narrow failures, deservedly won the Barnes cup, thus keeping it in Grant's.

He started well, and with the aid of a holed chip for a birdie three at the ninth he was out in 35. Coming back, he was not playing so well but seemed to be heading for a good score. Unfortunately he took three putts on the last two greens and finished in 76, a nett score of 70. The runner up was R. Bulgin, who played steadily for an 84, a nett score of 73. The rest of the competitors were disappointing, the majority either hitting the ball a long way in the wrong direction, or taking far too many strokes on, or near the green.

In the afternoon the school was defeated by the Old Westminster's by 5 matches to 3. The result was not encouraging, for most of the school players did not play as well as they were able. In the top match Hornsby beat Mr. J. Barley. This was a very creditable performance, even if Mr. Barley took a little time to strike his best form. However, Hornsby never let himself lose the initiative and did well to win. In the next match Bulgin beat Mr. A. C. Grover. Bulgin, who is the most improved golfer on the side, was 3 down at the turn, but came back in 36 to gain a narrow win. This put the school two matches up, but in the next five all the school players were defeated. S. L. Henry lost a well fought match on the last green to Mr. J. Hartley, the well-known amateur golfer and R. P. C. Hillyard was unlucky in finding Mr. F. N. Hornsby in such good form that he returned a nett 65, and was easily defeated. A. W. Abbott was 1 up after 10 holes on Mr. E. B. Gerrish but lost the next five holes to be beaten. J. Brostoff, although he fought back well, never really recovered from losing the first five holes to Mr. Barnes, and P. G. Jeeves lost a good game to Mr. Leighton. In the last match J. W. Tourlamain gained a surprise win over Dr. Hallett, and, for one who has not been playing long, was to be congratulated on a good performance. In the Stapleford competition for those not representing the school, N. B. R. C. Peroni won with 34 points.

It is a pity that so few of the school's golfers came to partake of the Old Westminster's hospitality and to enjoy a thoroughly good day's golf. The full results of the match were as follows :

A. C. Hornsby, GG. (6) 4/3.	1	Mr. J. Barley (3)	0
R. Bulgin, K.SS. (11), 2/1 .	1	Mr. A. C. Grover (6)	0
S. L. Henry, RR. (12)	...	Mr. J. Hartley (10), 1 up	1
R. P. C. Hillyard, GG. (10)	0	Mr. F. N. Hornsby (15), 7/5..	1
A. W. Abbott, GG. (15)	...	Mr. E. B. Gerrish (20), 4/3...	1
J. Brostoff, GG. (18)	...	Mr. Barnes (18), 3/2	1
P. G. Jeeves, BB. (22)	...	Mr. Leighton (18), 3/2	1
J. W. Tourlamain, RR. (24)					
	3/2	1	Dr. Hallett (18)
					0
					<hr/>
					3
					<hr/>
					5

THE ART EXHIBITION, 1952

Apart from a small group of thoughtful and imaginative pictures, the standard of work at the art competition was only average. A greater interest was shown than before and the range of subject

matter was very varied, but there was a wide division between the first few prize-winners and the rest. The only Grantites to get places in the first twenty were P. G. Wentworth-Shields and D. D. Cammell.

There was a considerable proportion of abstract painting and although some were pleasing in style one must realize in such paintings the difficulties to be encountered are more immense and controversial than perhaps those undertaking them comprehend. A sound understanding of draughtsmanship in painting is surely the obstacle to be overcome primarily.

However, as Ruskin said: "The work of the artist is to be two-fold only: to see, to feel," and I think this was achieved in a number of the works shown.

SCOUT CAMP, 1952

The camp was in a field that sloped steeply down from the farm and flattened out before reaching the River Eure. Sandmartins and kingfishers flitted over the trout-infested waters, rabbits and squirrels scampered across the neighbouring meadows. Amidst the beautiful scenery and abundance of wild life, every Scout soon found something that appealed to him. Many wandered over to Swaledale—to Richmond, even as far as the Lake District. The Riding has many magnificent old buildings. Castle Bolton, built of greystone in the traditional Norman plan, held Mary Queen of Scots a prisoner. Middleham Castle and Jerveux Abbey, also in Wensleydale, were visited by many Scouts.

For those who preferred to stay in camp, speedway cycling, fishing, cricket with the pickaxe handle, and geology provided diversions. P. Wentworth-Shields, by shrewd use of buses, visited every abbey and cathedral within twenty miles. J. Overstall several times came perilously near to total immersion in the river, the traditional way of dealing with the outspoken, but later developed into a useful member of his patrol. R. Clark attempted his first-class journey, and his fellow Seagull, J. Woodford, appears to have enjoyed his first camp. Perhaps the most nearly fatal incident during the camp was after the Storekeeper, Lowe, persuaded the Scout Master to eat a twist made of Vim. The S.M.'s comments are only recorded in the troop ledger.

Again the weather was wet. Surely some year the first week in August will be without rain. After a day of heavy showers, the Eure rose three feet, carrying away one patrol's butter ration and a jelly which had been left in the river to set. Aysgarth Falls were transformed into a raging torrent. The roar of the waters could be heard from the camp-site. Fortunately the fresh water spring was not affected, and after a day the Eure subsided as suddenly as it had risen. The waters became placid and the stepping-stones once more usable.

THE NEW R.A.F. SECTION

The School C.C.F. has been without an R.A.F. connection since the end of the war. Consequently, when the intention to form one was announced last term, there was a rush for applications. This inspiration was due to Mr. Shepherd, who had offered his services, and in fact procured a number of ragged blue blouses and some very baggy trousers. Not everyone could be accepted and a maximum of sixteen was set down. These boys are hoping to reach a high enough standard of knowledge so that they may, in due course, impart their wisdom to the many more who will then join the section.

Despite the restrictive nature of Dean's Yard towards practical gliding, there will be many opportunities for gaining experience in flying and navigating.

The first outside visit of the new section was to North Weald R.A.F. station. This took place at the end of last term and the party went down by bus. On arrival, they were shown round the station and the majority, having signed their usual death certificates, were given flights, some in Meteors. The jovial officers insisted that it was a "Bang on, wizard life" and the sight of blue-shirted pilots, playing cricket on the runway, together with ample tea in the officers' mess, seemed to confirm their opinions.

Life in the R.A.F., however, is not always as easy as that, but, maybe, in the distant future, the present members of the section may in their turn gain their wings.

TALE OF CAPTIVITY

As we moved out of the station, I trembled to think what lay ahead. Everyone was free, moving, talking, happy. Everyone, that is, but me. I was a prisoner, with my captor sitting beside me. I suppose I had myself to blame for what I had done and I did not want these people to laugh and jeer at me for my mistakes in life, as they would if I called out. My position was indeed grim. How long would my imprisonment last? When, if ever, would I be set free? The train rolled on and my depression deepened. As one last effort I decided to try and talk to my captor, to try and find out our fatal destination. "Nice weather we're having," I began, brightly. He eyed me suspiciously and then replied, "Yes."

Too uncommunicative to be persuaded to tell, I knew. When he spoke that one word, my heart sank, "How could I have done it?" I asked myself. But then, oh miracle of miracles! My captor got up to get out of the train. Hastily, I grabbed my coat-tails, which I had foolishly left out, before anyone else sat on them.

OLD MR. WILLIAM

Yet another summer had arrived and once again the general topic of conversation in the small Sussex village of Thistledown was that old Mr. William Littlefield had lasted out the winter.

For the past 20 years, when April had safely been left behind and May was beginning to be more kindly to the fruit blossom, a visitor in Thistledown might well have heard one villager saying to another, of an evening outside the pub, "Never thought old Mr. William would see this summer. Still, he is a funny old bird and here is luck to him, I say." But if the visitor was given access to one of the back parlours of the cottages where perhaps two or three of the men's wives were having an old-fashioned gossip while their husbands played darts and drank beer, it was not so much old Mr. William as his nurse would be the topic of conversation. "Nasty little piece of work, I calls her," old Mrs. Wheatcroft, who ran the grocer's shop, might be saying, "and they do say she wants to do it because she thinks she'll get 'is money. Beats one why he doesn't get rid of her." And the visitor would, I regret to say, hear very little said in praise of Mr. William's nurse.

He had always been old Mr. William as far as most of the villagers were concerned for he had only lived in Thistledown since he was 40, and for a long time he had been a "foreigner." He had been forced to retire from his job with T.B. of the lungs and had been ordered down to the sea with a nurse. He had always kept very much to himself and as his house lay slightly out of the village, which was made up of perhaps a dozen cottages, a pub, a church and a grocer's shop which did the duty of post-office as well, only the village boys ever saw him. The report they brought back was of a slightly-built man with a pale, delicate face, black hair and heavy glasses who walked with a slight stoop. One of the village girls, however, went up to the house three times a week to clean, and it was from her that the village learned that Mr. Littlefield was a very sick man and that he was not expected to last long, but that was 25 years ago. Gradually as the rich man began to make one or two appearances in the village street, he became less of a foreigner and, as the years went on peacefully, he got to be known as old Mr. William. They were mostly silent, slow-moving men, these inshore fishermen, but once when they had had two bad years running old Mr. William had helped them out and they had been grateful in an old shy sort of way.

It was a quiet life. Old Mr. William occasionally painted a rather bad water colour, but mostly he potted about the garden or just sat and looked out at the sea for hours on end. He became interested in the likes of the fishermen and in their boats and nets, but for the nurse it was a life of endless boredom. Year after year of unbroken routine: No cinema, no people, no excitement, and so, at the age of 42, after she had nursed him for 20 years, Mary Warner decided to kill Mr. William Littlefield. He had no dependants and she had every reason to suspect that all that he possessed would be hers after his death. It would be very easy. Nobody would suspect her. After all the old man had been expected to die for the last 20 years at least and nobody would be surprised at all if he were not to survive the winter. Mary Warner was not a popular figure in the village. She was curt and unfriendly and it was hardly strange

that rumours of badness should spread about her among the villagers although they were hardly justified for she was not really a bad woman.

September had been gloriously fine but towards the end of it the weather broke and for days there was nothing but icy winds and driving hail and sleet and Mr. Littlefield sat indoors by a fire. Mary Warner thought that the time had come to act. Every day after lunch Mr. Littlefield took a small glass of medicine and it was only too easy to add a lethal dose of arsenic. He would not notice. Why should he? And so it was done. They finished lunch together and as usual she reminded him to take his medicine and as usual he promised not to forget and she slipped out of the house. About 4 o'clock she returned nervous and out of breath. The curtains had not yet been drawn. She had not expected them to be. She peered in. The glass lay half spilt on the table. The fire was smoking, strange shadows on the wall, and old Mr. William sat very still in his chair. She started as the fire suddenly flared up. Slowly the full realization of what she had done came upon her. The room was very quiet. What should she do. My God, what should she do. She had to do something or scream. She started to walk then to trot, then to run, wildly, madly, blindly, into the growing dark.

They found her next morning on two rocks while they were out looking for bait. It was a calm, fine day and the sound of the sea was very soft in the pale early morning sun. Already the gulls were circling round above the dead body. Old Mr. William met them at the cliff top as they brought her up. He had not missed her until the morning and now, extremely agitated, he was out searching.

Old Mr. William Littlefield has a new nurse now and although he will take some time to get used to her she will suit him very well, and he will never know the real truth about that terrible accident which is perhaps just as well.

He was very upset. There was an inquiry. It was an accident of course. Now although Mr. Littlefield has a new nurse which pleases the villagers, he has never been quite so well looked after as he was before. He often forgets his medicine. He often falls asleep by the fire and the villagers still say every summer, with a certain amount of surprise that they never thought that old Mr. William would see this one through at any rate.

A TRIP TO AUSTRIA

Dr. Sanger's expeditions to more or less remote foreign parts have now become almost a termly event. One is never sure whether the Modern Languages side is in residence, or gleaning odd scraps of culture in French public schools or among the Austrian Alps. Money difficulties are non-existent, for it is surprising what a determined form-master can get out of the Bank of England in the way of additional allowances. What this money is spent on seems to be immaterial.

There have, of course, been objections from the conservative. "In my day we learnt Modern Languages the hard way; no gadding

about the continent." This objection is got over by the fact that the Englishman abroad does not speak any language other than his own, so that the foreigners have the inestimable advantage of English culture without having to travel.

This Summer Dr. Sanger organised two excursions, one, for the first three weeks of the Election term, to a French School run on semi-public school lines, the other to an Austrian Holiday Course in the Alps with an incidental visit to Salzburg. The second was probably the more enjoyed as the exams lay behind, and so any work gave the appearance of being entirely voluntary. Also it was during the holidays, and both the Rhine journey at the beginning and the visit to Salzburg at the end were in no way academic. By far the most impressive part of the whole journey was the performance of "Everyman" in the Salzburg cathedral square. The strength of the play lies in the setting and the effects—impossible in any theatre—as well as on the simplicity of the medieval story.

The Modern Languages side is now the largest in the school—perhaps if the Classicists were to take a trip to Rome and Athens, and the Scientists to the Monte Bello islands, the balance would be adjusted.

OLD GRANTITE NEWS

One of the objects of The Old Grantite Club is to maintain, promote and strengthen the comradeship of Old Grantites by means of reunions and otherwise. The reunions are covered by the Annual Dinner; the "otherwise" will be taken care of by the Old Grantite News which is to become a regular feature of this house magazine.

The help of all Old Grantites is required to make this page live up to its title and you are again asked to send news of your social and professional activities to:

Flight Lieutenant R. J. M. BARON, M.B.E., R.A.F.,
c/o 12/39, Hyde Park Gate, London, S.W.7,

who has been appointed to collect items for publication. This first collection of news will give an idea of what is required and will, it is hoped, start a flow of letters. Items for publication in the next *Grantite Review* should be sent in not later than January 14th.

Our congratulations to:

I. GREGG (1938-1943) on his engagement.

J. O. ECCLES (EICHHOLZ 1940-1945) on his marriage.

B. G. ALMOND (1939-1944) on becoming a father.

R. J. M. BARON (1939-1944) on the award of the M.B.E. (Mil.) in the Birthday Honours List.

We deeply regret to record the death of D. R. P. MILLS (1921-1926) who died on 1st July, 1952. Together with A. M. SHEPLEY (1921-1926) he was largely responsible for founding The Old Grantite Club.

Any omissions are sincerely regretted and, with your co-operation, will be inserted in the next issue.

Now settled in Australia is C. I. A. BEALE (1937-1941) where he is learning to be a sheep farmer the hard way. He is working as a stationhand on a 6,000-acre sheep and cattle farm before starting out on his own in a year or so; his duties are mainly the care of sheep and the preparation of wool for market, but also include part-time vet., cattle brander and range rider. He writes that it was all very strange at first but that he is learning fast (did his farming experience at Fernie Bank help?) and that he and his wife are enjoying their life down under.

N. D. SANDELSON (1936-1939) managed to get away from his constituents for a few minutes to say that, after having unsuccessfully contested two General Elections, he was elected to the London County Council in May as a Socialist representative for Stoke Newington.

How many people who saw the review "Penny Plain" recognised a few bars from the School Song in the "Surly Girls" number? It was by way of a private joke between M. H. FLANDERS (1936-1940), who wrote some of the sketches, and the composer (D. Swann, late of College). From time to time when broadcasting to Europe, Flanders has shared a microphone with F. E. NOEL-BAKER (1934-1938) who as a script writer still gives himself the best parts (as he used to do in Lit. Soc.!) The enemy of them both, however, is E. R. CAWSTON (1937-1940) who is ruining sound radio by making Television News Reel too good.

A breath of Westminster in Yorkshire is to be found at the Beverley home of Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust, where the etching of the Abbey presented to them by the House occupies pride of place in their dining room. Those who remember the term when Dumbo arrived at Fernie and was frightened by a very large pair of Home Guard boots may be interested to know that he is still going strong though a little grey about the muzzle.

One of the Grantites who was never at school in London was H. KLEEMAN (1940-1945) who recently paid a visit to the scene of Grant's Herefordshire exile. Progress has reached Fernie Bank and electricity has been installed: the acetylene pit, once a much hated Wednesday afternoon "job" has gone, but otherwise there is little visible change. The lawn on which was staged "Laburnum Grove" is as green as ever and the pond is as stagnant. Buckenhill

is now a hotel and hardly recognisable ; the bareness of Chiswicks has given way to a comfortable lounge and the Ha-Ha is again a green lawn. The lower drive is even more muddy and treacherous than it was and is hardly used as all traffic passes on the upper drive which has been completely re-surfaced.

Three Old Grantites who met when they reported for their National Service in the King's Royal Rifle Corps were N. N. G. MAW (1946-1951), J. G. S. HARRIS (1947-1951) and K. J. M. KEMP (1947-1951).

Working together in London at St. Thomas's Hospital are Doctors K. M. THOMSON (1941-1945) and G. D. GLENNIE (1941-1944). The former concerns himself with the E.N.T. Department and the latter with Ophthalmology.

Probably the only Grantite who had to voyage 13,000 miles round Cape Horn in a windjammer to get to Westminster and Grant's was G. M. EDEN (1880-1883). Writing of life 'Up Grant's in the Eighties' he says :—

“ Our Housemaster was the Reverend Arthur Jones (though I am more than doubtful of the Arthur) whom we all liked, as we did his wife. He was the school's head mathematics master, and in consequence had made arrangements for a classics master to take charge at the preparation hour between eight and nine o'clock in Hall. Incidentally the Head of House did his out of school work in the evening in the Library, with his second-in-command also there. At the striking of nine o'clock by Big Ben the classics master would go out, a small boy would then come and report to the Head of House that they were ready for prayers, whereupon the Head of House, then the younger Benbow, would come and take over, seeing all was ready for the Housemaster. And so to bed. In the morning with Big Ben striking eight o'clock, we were out of bed and into our clothes as quickly as possible after giving a modicum of attention to our wash hand stand. Then a race through cloisters into the Abbey for short morning prayers after which we went up School until nine o'clock when we went back to our respective houses for breakfast. I don't ever remember having heard a single complaint as to the quality or quantity of the food and as far as I can recollect there were just over thirty boarders and about half a dozen half-boarders to satisfy.”

It is interesting to note that entry to Westminster in those days was conditional on passing a short verbal examination in Latin which was conducted by the Headmaster (who in 1880 was Dr. Charles Brodrick Scott).